



# Bound



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## Chapter 1 by Jenny Neill

They say that there are two people who are bound by mind, body, and spirit. Everything about them belongs to the other, and vice-versa. These two people are Immortals, the two people that belong together while the rest of the world is seeking blindly for their soul mate.

These two people have linked souls, and they live infinite lifetimes in different bodies. They experience every life and remember it, clear as day. Death doesn't scare them because their partner, their love, their other half is always right there for them.

When they are born into a new life, they know, from lifetimes of experience, to begin looking for each other. If they do not die together, then they are forever separated, and the gift of Immortality is handed over to someone else. Most of the time they commit dual suicide. The grief of losing your other half would destroy an Immortal.

I know because I am one.

It took me two seconds to find my other half once I was born.

Because he was reincarnated as my twin brother.

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I screamed, which wasn't odd for someone who had just emerged from being fresh out of the womb. Playing baby is hard.

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I call my other half Echo, and they call me Arius. They are unisex Greek names because we reincarnate into random genders, and we loved our lifetimes in ancient Greece.

I call them Echo because they live forever with me, echoing, and they call me Arius because it means "of Medea". This is because Medea was my favorite play in Greece.

Of course, my mother now calls me Alice and she calls my love (who is a him now) Holland.

I cry and cry, and I look at Echo stern-fully until he starts crying, too.

How in Hades's realm was this going to work?

## Chapter 2 by R



Then I remembered that, hey, we have an eternity of lifetimes, and at least in this one we can spend it together forever. There are forms of love that are not romantic, and there are whole lifetimes where we didn't find eachother until our dying breath.

So I grew up, and everyone in our family noticed that me and Echo - or, well, me and Holland - were never far apart. We were best friends, more to ourselves, but as always when we meet as children we kept that facet secret.

I thought maybe love would save us this lifetime. We may not have been able to be as intimate as in some realities, but at least we could be together, forever.

And then, they took Echo from me.

**Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8** (1 draft)

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